

REASON

AGAINST

COITION. 1080-6 1/4

A

DISCOURSE

Deliver'd to a private

CONGREGATION.

By the Reverend STEPHEN M*****, D. D.
Chaplain to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the EARL
of *****.

I Cor. vii. 1. 27.

—It were good for a MAN not to touch a WOMAN. —Art
thou loosed from a WIFE, seek not a WIFE.

Ex infinito ne causam causa sequatur, Lucret.

Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit. Pet. Arb.

To which is Added,

A Proposal for making RELIGION and the CLERGY
USEFUL: With the Author's Observations on the
Cause and Cure of the PILES, and some useful Di-
rections about wiping the POSTERIOBS.

L O N D O N:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

TO fix Impressions on the Minds of young Men and Maids, to make 'em believe a Truth tho' a hard one, and to practise what cannot be done, but by close Attention and heroic Resolution, *I hereby strictly Order, and Require, every Master of a Family, every Mother of Children, and every Guardian, to explain the several Paragraphs once at least in a Month. That all Seminaries and Schools be perfectly acquainted with every Line, and that the Tutor require every Pupil to Common-place on them. And those Gentlemen, who have Learning and Time, are impower'd by me, to comment and write what Notes on it they please, provided it be for the Benefit of the COMMON-WEAL.*

N. B. IF our Inhabitants will not comply with my Advice, I know but one Method adequate to it, that is, DOUBLE ENCOURAGEMENT TO PHYSICIANS.



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
EARL of * * * *

My LORD,

THE Honour I have to be of your Lordship's Family, and the great Share I enjoy of your Friendship, are Motives sufficient to encourage an ordinary Dedicator to this freedom. For my part, I should never have had occasion for an *Epistle* of this Kind, had not your Lordship, and those *learned select Gentlemen* who were my Auditors, compell'd me to give it to the World: And how could I refuse those Gentlemen, and your Lordship, who allotted me the Subject?

As your Lordship has a just Notion of the Evil PROCREATION is to this ISLAND, and as you have all your Life maintain'd an inviolable *Chastity* out of that Principle, your Lordship therefore has a natural right to the following Discourse; and as the Author has received so many signal Favours from your Lordship, you have an undoubted Title to all that belongs to him.

THE Subject took its Rise from a melancholy Conference with your Lordship, and other Gentlemen, on our poor Country, in which you deliver'd Sentiments on Liberty like another CATO. When your Lordship had run thro' its several Degrees, and was compell'd to place HIBERNIA in the lowest, how moving were your Reflections! How did you bewail her unhappy Sons, excluded Employments out of Complaisance to our Neighbours! On this Occasion your Lordship said, with some Warmth, with JUVENAL,

——— *Non possum ferre Quirites*
Græcam Urbem. ———

DEDICATION.

NOR was your Lordship partial to your own Countrymen, but placed to their Account great Part of our *Misery*. Sir EDWARD POYNINGS had his Share of Guilt, tho' you did him the Justice to own he behav'd dutifully to his Master.

WHEN our Conversation became more jocular, the *Pamphlet for Eating our Children* was mention'd, but your Lordship said accidentally, *It were better entirely to leave off getting 'em*. This Thought was highly approv'd, and I was ordered to pursue it in my next Family Lecture. Immediately I was supply'd by the Company with Arguments, Hints, and Quotations, and I found so many to my purpose, that my Task was not so difficult as I at first imagin'd.

THE Manner in which I have handled my Discourse, and its being intersper'd with Poetical Quotations contrary to the custom of Sermons, was your Lordship's particular Direction, which to the Publick is sufficient Excuse.

THE Reception it met with from my Auditors did not a little flatter my Vanity, especially when your Lordship commanded its Publication, and order'd Mr Steward to double my annual Stipend.

THO' I am now oblig'd to change my Judges, it would be hard to condemn me when I have been so honourably acquitted already. I must submit to the Censure of a very precarious Court of Judicature, *The Publick*. If they disapprove of my Performance, it is of no Value to me (except your Lordship) that Persons of the greatest *Worth, Wit, and Learning* have thought otherwise.

I am, my LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most Obedient and
Dutiful Domestick,

STEPHEN M***



REASON against COITION.

A

DISCOURSE

I Cor. vii. 1. 27.

It were good for a MAN not to touch a WOMAN. Art thou loosed from a WIFE, seek not a WIFE.



SAINT Paul in this Chapter acquaints the *Corinthians*, that tho' he was not commanded to speak on *Matrimony*, yet he imagin'd himself capable to give his Advice on so weighty an Affair. He does not carry his Thoughts with a positive Injunction, or strengthen them with a decisive Argument. He fairly states both sides of the Question, and entirely leaves it to our Choice, if we will follow his Example, by a State of CELIBACY. He has given Honour to Marriage, as what (in his days) prevented *Fornication*, and a Fire within; but at the same time he has entail'd perpetual *Trouble* on that *State*, and seems to have many Objections to it, tho' unwilling to make those uneasy who are already in the *Bands*.

THE

THE *Apostle* having ran thro' the *Maid-en*, and the *Married* State of both Sexes, proceeds to *Widows*, on whom he is very severe, both in this Chapter, in his Epistle to *Timothy*, and other places.

IN the beginning and end of his Discourse on *Marriage*, he leans of the side of *Virgini-ty* with some Force, and dissuades Men from imagining it a Scandal to be Continent, by assuring them their own Benefit will be the Effect of it; and concludes almost with these Words. *Nevertheless, he that standeth stedfast in his Heart, having no Necessity, but has Power over his own Will, and hath so decreed in his Heart, that he will keep his Virginity doth well.* And speaking of Female Virginity, he says. *He that giveth his Daughter in Marriage doth well, but he that giveth her not, doth better.* In short this whole Discourse of *St PAUL's* abounds with good Counsel, and of the utmost Importanceto us of this *poor miserable* Island, which if pursued will effectually prevent the further growth of *Vice*, in not raising the Instruments of it by the Practice, and finally end the *Calamity* and *Trouble* we labour under, and let it Terminate in our Selves. To attain this, I know no method equal to the advice of *St PAUL* in the Words of my Text. *It were good for a Man not to touch a Woman. Art thou loosed from a Wife, seek not a Wife.*

THE

THE former part of my Text points out an Evil, and the latter a friendly, tho' not an absolute Command to shun it. I shall in the first place shew *the Benefit arising in not touching a Woman*, and endeavour to prove that *Matrimony or Fornication, as the Affairs of this Kingdom stand, are of the utmost Prejudice to our Peace, and tends to perpetual Wretchedness on Posterity*; and, secondly, I shall make a few Reflections on the *Happiness of a Cessation of Procreation, with the Efficacy and Power of Resolution*.

THE Benefit arising from not touching a *Woman*, must be obvious to all those who have. Tho' that restless and unruly *something* implanted in the Breast of Man, may seem to plead in its favour, yet there is a Power lodg'd in the same place superiour to *Passions*, whenever it is admitted in our Thought. Let *Vice*, or what has now obtain'd the specious Name of *the Dictates of Nature*, have all those prevailing Charms the most rapturous Fancy can give it, yet if *Reason* chance to be call'd, she makes a compleat Conquest, she drives away all those destructive Notions, and brings us back to the *Man*, asham'd of our *Folly*. When we neglect her Counsel, she abandons us, she gives us over to our future Remorse and Repentance: And alas! how soon is the Perspective turn'd: No more those *Delights* are magnified, no more they glow in borrow'd Lustre, they

they sink in our Imagination, we are surpris'd at our Error, and we blush at our Stupidity.

NOTHING certainly shews the weakness of a Man more than committing those Acts he is pre-assur'd must have fatal Consequences. It argues an insensibility that the *sage World* must despise him for; they must look on him as a Wretch incapable of consulting his own Happiness, much less that of others. Were we to trace the inseperable Attendants on *Incontinency*, it would startle the most notorious Offender; were he to consider that all the *Miserable* Mortals in the World, all the *Wickedness* acted in it, all the Quarrels in the *Field*, or Wranglings at the *Bar*, are the Effects of *Coition*: Were he to consider this seriously, he would keep chain'd the Monster within, nor set him loose to rage on the Earth to the End of it. Had the Learned Author † *De Origine Mali*, but once thought on the Word *Coition*, he would not have been at the trouble of so Philosophical an Enquiry about it, for * *Father* MALEBRANCE could not have said a more convincing Truth than that *Coition is the Origin of Evil*.

IF the Benefit of the World be an Argument too feeble to curb Licentiousness, let the Pains of the Body be convincive. What

† Dr William King late Archbishop of Dublin.

* Le Pere Malebranche Recherche de la Verité.

is the cause of *Vertigoes*, sudden pains in the *Head*, *Paralytick* disorders, frequent *Hystericks*, *Rheumatism* and *Gout*? — Coition! for whoever saw an *Eunuch* afflicted with these Diseases? Thrice happy Species! not only exempt from these Maladies; but from Children also: Yea, tho' *Slaves* yourselves, have not the misfortune to *propagate* them, ye are not in the fear of untimely Children or Great Grand Children; ye sink to Earth calm and serene, not with *virulent* and complicated disorders, but by the gentle decay of the *radical moisture*. Let therefore the Name of *Eunuch* be no more a term of Reproach, but an appellative of Happiness. Let 'em be respected as those favour'd by Heaven; and tho' we have not the *mighty blessing* to be of the Number, let us imitate their Example, let us always have 'em in View and follow their Steps, so shall Peace and Tranquility be in our Days; which will a little balance the Calamities of HIBERNIA.

As chimerical as the Doctrine of the *Rosicrucians* is, there are some things in it I am exceedingly pleas'd with. This Sect, tho' *Enthusiasts* in most of their Principles, are wise and knowing in prohibiting the use of *Women*. They believe the Element's inhabited, and are content to propagate Aerial

B. People.

People. They leave these [to us] invisible Gentry, and beget with the utmost Pleasure *Sylphs, Salamanders, Gnomes and Nymphs*. — O *Rosicrucius*! why are thy Mysteries so clouded! why are not we acquainted with this Happy way of *Conjunction*? and Ah! why are we deny'd the Bliss of thy useful *Help-mates*? What Rapturous Converse should we have with Spouses of *Air*! How delightfully would we listen to the Matrons of the *Sea*! Should we not be all attention to Ladies of *Earth* and *Fire*! Then, the whole Arcana of Nature would be set before us: The *Literati* and *Virtuosi* would have matter sufficient to exercise their Wit. No more would they be confounded with a multiplicity of Conjectures, and no more would their time be taken up with making difficult, what's plain.

O That we were arriv'd at such a pitch of *Sageness*, as to be qualified for this unspeakable Blessing! but since we are not, let us at least imitate their *Continency*, and we shall view none of those objects of Misery and Compassion, that croud *Hibernia*. We shall see no more *Imbecility* and *Distempers* in Youth, which are the natural effects of *Coition*.

IF the Story of SAMPSON be an Allegory, it is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful that can be conceiv'd. Tho' he is describ'd as a strong vigorous *Fox-Hunter*; as a Man that carry'd the City Gates on his Back, and whom none could overcome; yet we find him after a few visits to *Dalilah*, so feeble and weak that two or three *Philistines* conquer'd him, who before despis'd the whole *Nation*.

WHOEVER looks back to ADAM, and considers all the Calamitous Consequences that attended his *Error*, will no more imagine the *fatal Fruit* to be a *Pomgranate* or a *Pine-Apple*, but the sense to be as figuratively spoken, as when SOLOMON says, *I will climb up the Palm-Tree and gather the Fruit thereof*. 'Tis plain Eating was none of the Crime, for we find neither the *Palate* or *Mouth* of EVE punished; but when we hear *she shall bring forth with Pain*, 'tis easy to discover the offending part.

THO' MILTON in his Famous Poem, has given us a description of a kind of Enjoyment our First Parents tasted, which had no ill Consequences, yet he afterwards falls into the Rational Conjecture that *Coition* was the *Tree of Knowledge*. How beautiful and

lovely has he made ADAM and EVE in their State of Innocence! How sweet and agreeable is their Converse till that Unhappy Day, EVE unfolded the Wisdom she had been taught by the *Serpent*; Then ADAM glow'd: EVE's Eyes darted contagious Fire; He seiz'd her Hand and so the business of Sin, and Propagation of Wickedness began. Oh unhappy Hour! Oh fatal Minute! The *Earth* was witness of the horrid Action, and the whole Globe trembled, because it was to bear a Race of wretched Mortals.

MILTON, who without doubt perfectly understood the Effects of a Criminal Commerce, allows 'em no longer time than the next Morning to be free from *Quarrel*, at which time the severest Reproaches are heap'd on each other. After this we find poor ADAM in a most moving Soliloquy bewailing his wretched State.

— *I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I Eat or Drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated Curse. O Voice once heard,
Delightfully, Encrease and Multiply,
Now Death to hear! for what can I encrease,
Or Multiply but Curses on my Head?*

EVERY

EVERY Man may be said to be himself an ADAM, to have the same Power, and the same Commands to refrain from the *Tree of Knowledge*: And when we exclaim against him in any of our Misfortunes

——— *Ill fare our Ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam.*———

LET us always remember that our own Father must have a great share of the Guilt and Accusation, and that our Children may, in return, curse us for compelling them into a World of Calamity. When we, or our Issue meet with some of the Snares of Women, when we have been betray'd into *Sin* and *Shame* like ADAM, who can refrain saying with him,

——— *O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n,
With Spirits Masculine, create at last
This Novelty on Earth, this fair Defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once,
With Men as Angels without Feminine,
Or find some other way to Generate
Mankind?* ————

THIS passionate Question of ADAM's, brings to my mind a remarkable passage in
that

that excellent little Tract of *Religio Medici*. The Learned Author says with a deal of Reason. "I could be content that we might Procreate like Trees without Conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the World without this trivial and vulgar way of Coition; It is the foolishhest act a wise Man commits in all his Life, nor is there any thing that will more deject his cool'd Imagination, when he shall consider what an odd and unworthy piece of Folly he hath committed." This is the Expression of the famous Dr *Brown*, whose Judgment and Capacity were of the first Rate, and tho' a little whimsical in some of his Notions, was allow'd by all, to be a Gentleman that examin'd Nature, and look'd with a curious Eye into the Reason of things; and *Hippocrates*, the Prince of Physicians, could not refrain from the same desire, for doubtless they plainly saw that *Coition* strain'd and discompos'd the regular Oeconomy of our *Microcosm* to such a degree, that it requir'd more time to bring it to its former temperature than is generally allow'd it; that by this Violence offer'd to *Nature*, *Life* is forced out and *Death* oft procur'd; and whoever has read

* Mr MAINWARING's Treatise of *Health*,

* Mr *Mainwaring* wrote a Treatise on Spermatick Consumptions.

*Vigour, and Long Life, must remember that he says. " Coition exhausts the
 " Strength by effusion of Spirits; Exsiccates
 " and dries the Body, hurts the Brain and
 " Nerves, causeth tremblings, dulls the
 " Sight, debilitates all the faculties, hastens
 " old Age, and shortens Life.*

THAT good and pious *Father*, ORI-
 GEN, was so fully convinc'd of the Folly,
 nay Labour, of *Coition*, that he resolutely
 ordered, that he might be depriv'd of the
 Means, and afterwards liv'd the Glory and
 Ornament of his Age. This was an Action
 worthy that holy Saint, and what I earnest-
 ly recommend to your Imitation.

SINCE therefore so many *wise, learn-*
ed, and good Men have exclaimed against
 our Manner of *Coition*, because it hurts
 the World, I am surpriz'd to find no one
 has taken Notice of that kind and obli-
 ging Proposal of PARACELSUS, who
 undertook * *to prescribe a Way for the*
Generation of a Man without Coition. Oh
 blind and besotted Age, who neglected
 or dispis'd an Offer so full of Love!
 So full of Charity! What Reward could

* *Vide Campanel. de sensu rerum in append. ad c. 19. l. 4.*

there

there be sufficient to balance the Blessing this *Chymical Race* must bring into the World! Oh PARACELsus, who followed too closely the Example of ROSCRUCIUS, and extinguished an Art more beneficial than his ever-burning Lamp, because wicked Man, conceiv'd thro' the Will of the Flesh, was unworthy to partake of thy Knowledge.

AMONG the many evident Advantages accruing to Mankind, *by not touching a Woman*, I have not mentioned that one in my Text, of being *loosed from a Wife*; though I am apt to believe, I could have Numbers to prove it none of the least. It were an Entertainment too full of the false Notions of the World, to expatiate on the various Effects *Marriage* hath on different People. In some the whole Felicity of it is confin'd within the *Curtains*; while others nauseate the Bed, and flee to the more pleasing Perusal of the Lady's *Rent-Roll*.

BUT were I to proceed in this Manner, it would look more like a *Satire*, than a true and serious Discourse; and were I to satirize their State for Hours, I could not do it more fully, and in fewer Words,
than

than the first Line of the *Admonition to Matrimony*, hung up in all Churches, has already done, *viz. Thou shalt not marry thy Grandmother* ----- How deprav'd must Mankind be, who have Occasion for such a Commandment.

THO' 'tis my Design to wave a particular Examination of the many Calamities Matrimony is generally attended with, yet, my Brethren, I beg leave to remind ye once more of St PAUL's Advice, *Art thou loosed from a Wife, seek not a Wife*; and SOLOMON, who must be allow'd to have had a tolerable Experience in the Fair Sex, assures us, * *It is better to dwell in a corner of the House-top, than with a brawling Woman, and in a wide House*; and in another Place, alluding to Women, he asks, || *Can a Man take Fire in his Bosom, and his Cloaths not be burnt?* So that we see, by this beautiful Figure, the Opinion the wisest of Men had of that Sex.

* *Prov. xxv. 24.*

|| *Ibid iv. 28.*

BUT to proceed. Who among us have found so many Charms in Life, that they should desire to impose it on others? How many Days, how many Years of *Anguish* have the most felicitous of us undergone? Have we not often, on a Frown of Fortune, wish'd we had never been? Have we not call'd on *the Hills to cover us*, and *the Mountains to hide us* from Sickness, or Poverty? Alas! What are all our boasted Blessings in this World, and what are all the Pleasures we enjoy in it! A meer empty Sound, a sportive Vision of *delusive Forms*. We dream of *Delight*, and we awaken into *Pain*; we grasp at *Beauty*, and find a MEDUSA in our Arms. Oh World! DISAPPOINTMENT is thy Name.

IT has been said with a deal ^{of} Truth, that if we could have Bills of *Private Calamity*, as well as Bills of *Mortality*, the Terrors of the *Grave* would be but a slight Concern. Were we to examine a Burial-place, and see the innumerable *Memento's* of "*He lived, and died,*" and immediately reflect, that he lived so long in a Valley of Tears, with *Sorrow* and *Disquiet*, for his perpetual Companions;

nions; we should not look with that *Horror* on *Death*, but on the real *Misery* of those brought into *Life*. Oh! that we could be persuaded, that we could be so charitable to the *Infants*, yet unbegotten, as to let *Misery* terminate in ourselves, and not propagate it to *Futurity*.

THE many chronic Diseases incident to particular Families, descending hereditarily thro' Centuries, ought to be another Bar to stop *Coition*. * "*Man* derives from his *Parents* by a *seminal Propagation*, and *inherits* the *Diseases* of their vicious deprav'd Natures, *radicated* in him: To which, his own *enormous* Acts being added, do *multiply* and heighten the Corruption of his *Nature*: Hence the succeeding Generations become more *degenerated*, *infirm*, *diseased*, and consequently of *shorter* duration than the other." Certainly this must be a Truth, since even the Features of a Face have commonly a likeness of the Sires; and some great Families are famous for it in History, as the AUSTRIAN *Lip*, the *Chin*

* MAINWARING.

of the House of BAVARIA, with many others of less Note.

WERE the Miseries of Men no sufficient Motive to prevent their being propagated, the many Pieces of *deformity* either in *Body* or *Mind*, that we so frequently meet with, liable to be the Contempt and Laughing-stock of the World, while they are in it, would sway our *Reason*. For every Man that has had a Child, can say with Sir SAMPSON, in the Comedy, "*Body-
o'me, what a many-headed Monster
have I propagated.*"

DEFORMITIES of what Kind soever may, and generally do, descend to Children, nay often increase in them. It was from this Opinion that QUINTUS CURTIUS tells us, of many well-governed Common-wealths, that "If they
found their Children crooked, or de-
formed in Body, they made 'em away."
And the famous HECTOR BOETIUS assures us, that heretofore in *Scotland*, "If
any were visited, with the Falling-Sick-
ness, Madness, Gout, Leprosy, or any
such dangerous Disease, which was like-
ly to be propagated from the Father to
the Son, he was instantly Castrated,
" a

“ a Woman kept from all Company of
 “ Men; and if, by Chance, having some
 “ such Disease, she were found to be with
 “ Child, she with her Brood, were buried
 “ alive.” Such were the wholesome
 Laws of the wise Antients, and such the
 rigorous Execution of them.

OLD FERNELIUS, in my Judgment,
 says, with much Truth and Reason. “ *It*
 “ *is the greatest Part of our Felicity to be*
 “ *well-born, and it were happy for hu-*
 “ *man kind, if only such as are sound*
 “ *in Body and Mind, should be suffer'd*
 “ *to Marry.*” I wish he had gone a
 little farther, and said, *Or suffer'd to*
have Children. Likewise the great PLU-
 TARCH says, *Ebrii gignunt Ebrios, One*
Drunkard begets another. If so, it fol-
 lows, that every Man accusom'd to any
 particular Vice, as well as *Drunken-*
ness, will as consequently intail it on
 his Children. LEVINUS LEMNIUS as-
 sures us, by experience, that, “ *Old Men*
 “ *beget peevish, sad, melancholy Sons,*
 “ *and seldom merry.*” And CARDAN
 imagines, that “ *He that begets a Child*
 “ *on a full Stomach, the Infant will be*
 “ *sickly, or crazed.*”

THUS

THUS could I continue to quote numberless Authors as well Antient as Modern, Sacred as Prophane, that give us glaring Proofs of the Truth of propagated Maladies, both in Body and Mind, and whoever examines the *Athenian Oracle*, or the *Philosophical Transactions*, may find Instances enough of the Veracity of it.

To him who is guilty of *Coition*, I shall say with HORACE, * “ *You are*
“ entering into a most dangerous Quarry,
“ and you walk on Fire cover’d with
“ Ashes.” Misery lurks under it, and Remorse must follow. It is not a little surprizing, that Men will not beget Children in a State of Body, that may a little compensate for the unavoidable Miseries in Life, but they must also send ’em into the World replete with *Distempers*, that render them a Nuisance to themselves, or give ’em *Deformities*, that make ’em a Nuisance to others. We are all careful to breed our *Bulls*, our *Horses*, or our *Dogs*, from their Species, the most strong or beautiful, but let our own Procreate by Chance: We blend diffe-

* *Periculosa plenum opus aleæ*
Tractas, & incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso

Lib. 2. Ob. 1.

rent *Souls*, and different *Ages* together; we mix *Heterogeneous* Parts and multiply a medley of *Deformity*.

IF we needs must propagate, let us do it with Care and Caution, and never neglect the Off-spring though it be born in *Hibernia*, tho' it be nurtur'd in a Land of *Calamity* and *Want*, let us cherish it, and make its Misery more tolerable, let us avoid Barbarity, let us not kill our Children for Food for our Task-masters, as was formerly propos'd for an Expedient to evade their certain Calamity in Life. This was a Scheme so Savage, that I do not wonder its not being comply'd with, tho' it would have answer'd the End most effectually.

O PATRIA! O HIBERNIA! Who can prepare an *Amulet* to prevent thy Misfortunes, and who can form a *Talisman* to procure thee Success! † *How is the Gold become dim! How is the most fine Gold changed?* How are thy Sons degenerated from the Nobleness of their Ancestors! How are they sunk from their antient Magnanimity, to the lowest State

† *Lamentations* iv. 1.

of Contempt and Obscurity! Why has *God-like Liberty* abandon'd thy Children, and whither? O whither has she taken Sanctuary! Who among us can charm the Fugitive to a return, and who can allure her into her once favourite *Land*? But well may she fly this *Earth* when its own Sons flee from it. Return therefore, return O ye Children of *Hibernia*! Return into the Arms of a tender Mother, bending under the Weight of *Age* and *Misery*. Return and support her *Feebleness* and *Distress*! Be not *Apostates* to your Country, and let not History have this monstrous Novelty to recite. Let her Sighs melt ye, and her Tears compel ye to her Succour! Fly with the Wings of Duty and Gratitude to her Relief; if she be in Misery, blush to own yourselves the first Cause of it, but return speedily and repent.

IF *Want*, *Calamity*, *Shame* and *Oppression*, are common and familiar to this unhappy Country, our *Love* to it ought to increase the more. Who can hear of its antient Grandeur, and not wonder at its Fall! but all sublunary Things have their time of rising, and their time of setting. Nature grows to *Strength*, and sinks down to *Age*. Most Nations have had
their

their Periods of *Glory*: *Greece*, *Palestine* and *Egypt*, have in their turns been as *Great*, and now are as *Desolate* as *Hibernia*. As this Nation once distinguish'd by the pompous Title of *Isle of Saints*, from the many holy and eminent Men it produc'd; as this Kingdom whom all the Learned in *Europe* once revered as the School of Wisdom, and Seat of Knowledge; as this Kingdom so applauded in History for their † Hospitality, that no Nation could equal them: so admir'd for those few *Laws* remaining, that a *British Parliament* need not have been asham'd to have produc'd them.

WHEN we look into these Things, and begin to draw Comparisons between the past and the present, how must our Minds be agitated! When we behold its Ruins, let them endear us to it the more; let us cry out with the *Captive*, in the 102 *Psalms*. *

† One of the Histories of *Ireland* tells us, " All the Lords and great Men made Interest to be appointed an Entertainer. An Entertainer was oblig'd to have four Ways to his House, to have always a Beef and a Mutton ready roasted; a Tub of Butter, a Barrel of Beer, and plenty of Bread in the Hall, for the Entertainment of every Traveller; all which was given Gratis, and with an hearty Welcome."

* Paraphras'd by the Rev. Mr DANIEL, Dean of *Ardmagh*.

D

Oh!

Oh! *Sion* ever lov'd, and ever dear!
 Great in thy Ruins, in thy Ashes fair!
 How shall I speak? What Language can ex-
 [press,
 My quick, my tender Sense of thy Distress?
 Not *Babylon* in all her Pride shall be,
 So fam'd for Beauty, or belov'd like thee;
 Not tho' she boasts her mighty Triumphs
 [past,
 Not tho' she reigns the Mistress of the *East*;
 Should her vast Walls to distant Ages stand,
 To shew the Greatness of the Builder's
 [Hand;
 Tho' high in Air her hanging Gardens rise,
 And spread their wond'rous Verdure in the
 [Skies;
 Ev'n then thy Ruins, nay thy Stones shall be
 A lovelier, sweeter Paradise to me.

Look down, great God! For ever good
 [and Just,
 Look down, and see thy *Sion* in the Dust!
 On her lost State thy happy Influence shed,
 Kindly forgive and raise her drooping Head:
 Converted Millions will the Deed approve,
 Whilst kneeling Crowds shall wonder at
 [thy Love.
 Struck with the Sight our Heathen Foes
 [shall stand,
 And trembling, dread the Thunder of thy
 [Hand;
 Ev'n

Ev'n haughty *Babylon* shall vaunt no more,
But quit her Pride, grow humble, and a-

[dore :

Our Songs the wond'rous Story shall re-

[cord,

And Nations yet unborn confess the *Lord*.

THIS is a Thought I could indulge with Pleasure; this is a Theme I could for ever dwell on, were it in Effect more than erecting *Aerial Palaces*, or had it a Being in any other Place than my own Imagination.---But Heaven's Will be done.

IT is not my Business, neither am I capacitated exactly to point out the different Channels Prosperity takes to run from this Kingdom, or those Flood-gates whence enter Poverty; but this I can say, and this I am assur'd of, that envious Neighbours, and our barbarous *Selves*, have each a sufficient Share of one and the other. Our Chain is too long, and we prudently shorten the Links. Our Neighbours have not Riches enough, but we out of pure good Nature and Compassion give 'em all our own; in return of which, we are deservedly despised by those very People we are so extraordinarily obliging to.

HAD we liv'd in an Age more addicted to Superstition, the *PHILOMATHS*

would have laid our Ruin on the Malignity of the STARS. Evil Conjunctions of the Planets, would have shed Evil on us, and no Doubt it were then Madness to expect, nay even wish, a Reverse of Fortune, 'till these curious Gentlemen had told us the Stars were in a better Mood. But we of this Age laugh at these Foolerics. We know the Causes of our Misery, without consulting the *Ocult Sciences*; and whoever will examine the Volumes on the Subject, must be convinced of, and converted to the *true Interest of their Country*. The solid Arguments, and undeniable Proofs of our Poverty, are fully shewn in the Writings of Mr MOLYNEUX, Dean SWIFT, Mr BROWN, and Mr PRIOR; these Names so respected and beloved by *Hibernia*. To these therefore I refer the World, and doubt not but even our Enemies will sigh at our Lot, with this Ejaculation.

*Poor floating Isle! tofs'd on Ill-Fortune's Waves,
Ordain'd by Fate to be the Land of Slaves.
Shall moving Delos now, deep rooted, stand,
Thou fixt of Old, be now the moving Land!*

ALAS poor *Hibernia*! and that thou art poor, every thing about thee is a plain Indication. The Musical Instruments of thy

thy Natives, speak the natural Turn of their Minds. Their TUNES, that were wont to make glad the Hearts of the Hearers, and animate the Souls of Heroes, by their sharp and sprightly Turns, are now fallen into the flat and languishing, and can only give Birth to Sighs and Tears. All their Airs are Lamentations, all their Delights are sorrowful and complaining, and their Recitative hath but a somniferous Influence. How is it possible they can sing with Chearfulness, when *Hibernia* their Country, like unhappy JERUSALEM, has Foes without, and Enemies within. How can they raise themselves to Life, when she is continually assassinated? And how can she exalt her Head when the Club of ENVY, and the Sword of INGRATITUDE, knocks down and stabs all her Industry.

THIS is a long, tho' necessary Digression, and what I must be forgiven, since my whole Discourse is calculated for the Climate of *Ireland*.

I SHALL now proceed to make a few Reflections on the *Possibility of a Cessation of Procreation, and the Efficacy and Power of Resolution.*

IF

IF the Arguments of our Patriots, or the silent Rhetoric of miserable Inhabitants, have no Weight with our foreign or domestic Enemies: If one has lost all Sense of Pity and Compassion, and the other cast off all Humanity and Gratitude? If no intervening Power can give happier Times, let me repeat to you what I said before, and resolve to have so much Resolution to let all Calamity end in ourselves, by refraining from propagating Children, that inevitably must feel it.

THE Passions of Men, are like so many Standard-Bearers, around which, innumerable Evils are set in Array against our Peace and Tranquility, and nothing but Resolution can defeat them.

RESOLUTION is the strongest Faculty of the *Soul*; it raises us to something above ourselves, and gives us Principles according to the force of the Object. Neither Time, nor Distance, nor Power, can alter Resolution. It despises Danger, makes a mock of Toil, laughs at Fatigue, and is Kind of FATE. In short, as it is the strongest Faculty, so would it be the greatest, were it not too liable to fall into

into *Obstinacy*. A virtuous Resolution is the Glory of a Man, but a vicious one has Shame and Dishonour. This, like all the Attendants on our Nature, must be guided by Reason, or we certainly take a wrong Byass.

RESOLUTION, in the Case I propose, must be allowed by every Man to have Reason for it's Guide; and to make it still the plainer, I shall prove it by a *Syllogism*.

REASON constantly directs us to HAPPINESS.

COITION brings us to all the CALAMITIES of Life.

Therefore COITION cannot be guided by REASON.

No Man will deny the *Major* in Temporal Things (tho' in Religion he may) except he makes a Distinction between good and bad Reason; but I account it no Reason, when accompany'd with Prejudice, or dishonourable Views.

THE *Minor* has been already prov'd, and every Man has Arguments sufficient to demonstrate it to himself, so that the *Conclusion* must infallibly be *Orthodox*.

THIS

THIS is a plain and easy Truth; and there is nothing requisite to avoid Copulation but Resolution. Shall we therefore want this? This! that will lead us to Happiness, and defend us from Misery.

MAN devoid of Resolution, has been elegantly compar'd to a Frontier Town; often in the Possession of contrary Parties, often changing its Master, never in a *State of Stability*, always unsettled, and always wavering; now satisfied with his present Governour, and immediately opening its Arms to receive another. Our Actions are done but in Part, for the Alteration of our Resolves cuts us off from the Remainder. It is a Vice, whose Rise is Fear. It never inhabits the Brave, but is a constant Attendant on weak Minds. It was this Vice that lost RICHARD CROMWELL a *Kingdom*, and it was Resolution that gain'd our *Immortal Deliverer* a CROWN. It was Resolution that made SOCRATES and Sir THOMAS MOORE, despise the Fears of Death; for we all know it the best Comforter in Time of Affliction; if so, we of this *Kingdom* have need of its utmost Force.

HISTORY

History is recent with Examples of the Power of *Resolution* : The eminent Danger that attended those *Patriots*, that brought in the Bill for excluding the Duke of *York*, could not prevent their struggling for it, since the *Liberty* of their Country was nigh being subverted. And in later Times, the *Glory* and *Honour* of the *British Nation* formed the *Resolves* of the *Great Marlborough*.

How far has *Resolution* carried us, when *Malice*, or *Revenge*, or *Envy* prompted us on ? Have we not often hurt ourselves with Pleasure, when by it we could annoy our Foe ? Have we not *resolved* to be miserable ourselves, on Purpose to plunge our Enemy into a parallel State ? But I should set myself too voluminous a Task, even to mention the many signal Actions that will shine through Ages, and the many wicked ones atchiev'd by the Power of *Resolution*. It would tire even a *Barister-at-Law*, to repeat the Names of those who ventur'd, and have lost their Lives, by this noble Principle ; and shall we not have so much as to conquer a little silly Passion to *Women* ? Be free from *Women*, and you're free from Care, is an Axiom, that has no need of a Comment ; and shall *Man*, the Lord of the *Universe*, be subdued by that trifling Sex ? A Sex, notorious for their *Pride* and *Affectation* !

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feſtation ; recorded for their *Vanity* and *Self-Opinion* ; and diſtinguiſhed for the Fomenters of *Miſchief* ! A Sex, as difficult to be diſcover'd as the *North-Eaſt Paſſage* ! The Generality of *Women* are formed of ſuch a Medley of Principles, either in their *Minds*, or in their *Dreſs*, that they quite efface their natural Structure ; ſo that *Ovid* ſaid with Truth,

— *Pars minima eſt ipſa puella ſui.*

*The Girl ſo trick'd herſelf with Art,
That of herſelf ſhe was leaſt Part.*

But were I to grant, that the Female Sex are entirely faultleſs, that they are all *prudent, virtuous, and good-humour'd*, yet this could be no Plea in Favour of *Procreation* ; their bearing Children, is Cauſe ſufficient for Men to fly from them ; their bringing into Life an *Infant*, who muſt undergo the Anxieties of it, let him be placed in ever ſo happy a State ; their compelling into the World a *Body*, whoſe *Soul* is to be accountable for its Actions, and giving it a *Being* in an age of *Immoralities* and *Atheiſm*, which it is ſcarce poſſible to avoid falling into : This, I ſay, ſhould make us ſtartle at the Thoughts of *Women* ; ſhould rouse us up to *Reſolution*,
and

and make us cry out with the Man in
TERENCE.

Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres.

*From this Moment I erase all Women
from my Thoughts.*

And *a-propos* to this, says that wise Traveller Mr. GULLIVER, "When I began to consider, that by copulating with one of the *Tahoo* Species, I became a Parent of more, it struck me with the utmost Shame, Confusion, and Horror." By the Breath we enjoy, we know the Unhappiness of it in others: We know how true it is, That * *Man that is born of a Woman, hath but a short Time to live, and is full of Misery: He cometh up, and is cut down like a Flower; he fleeth as it were a Shadow, and never continueth in one Stay.*

Say, you that have heard the plaintive Groans, and seen the Fountain of Tears poor tender desponding *Parents* send forth at the Loss of a *Child*: You that have seen their Tortures when he is *ruined*, been ungrateful to their *Care*, or disappointed their *Hopes*: You that have seen (what's frequent in this Kingdom)

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* *Burial of the Dead.*

aged *Parents* incapacitated to relieve either their own, or the Wants of their Offspring, sighing in private, bewailing their wretched Condition, and wishing for an *Earthquake* to snatch them from *starving* : Say, you that have seen these Things, (as who has not ?) if ye have desired to be that *Father*, or that *Mother*, in any of these Cases ? Say, if ye have not in your Hearts thanked bounteous *Providence*, that though, perhaps, you yourselves are *wretched*, ye have not been instrumental to make others so.

Such Reflections as these made that great Philosopher THALES abstain from *Women* ; for he saw that SOLON, as wise as he was, could not forbear renting his Garments, and tearing his Hair, when he was told his Son was dead ; and SOCRATES, though he did marry, did it for a Reason few of us have Occasion for, which was, as he himself tells us, *to exercise his Philosophical Patience* : As this Man was accounted the wisest on Earth, he no doubt would have taken another Method to try his Temper, had he known of one so capable of it.

Men are generally too liable to think much of themselves, and to stamp too great a Value on what belongs to them, to need being pressed to do it more ; yet such is the *Bizarre*, and whimsical Turn
of

of Man, that whilst he vaunts his being *Lord* over the *Female Sex*, he is chain'd to a voluntary Subjection, by a paultry *Girl*. It shocks and surprizes me, to see the many mean-spirited *Arts* Men practise; what a Number of little groveling *Shapes*, and servile Frame of *Countenances* they put on; how readily they fly to that base Refuge *Lying*; and with what Eagerness they practise an hundred *Stratagems* and *Devices*, all to obtain what a wise Man would tremble at receiving, as knowing the Violence he should commit on his own *Body*, and rightly understanding that * *her End is bitter as Wormwood, sharp as a two-edged Sword: Her Feet go down to Death: Her Steps take hold on Hell.* He (as *St. Paul* says) *that hath Power over his own Will, and is stedfast in his Heart*, will never be guilty of the Folly I am speaking of: And is it not scandalous to want Power over one's self? Does it not destroy the *Dignity* we so much boast of? Yes, surely; and that by as much as it *lessens* and *degrades* our Nature.

I doubt not, but all our *young Sparks*, that practise what they call *Gallantry*, will be as unmerciful to me as the *Surgeons*. Methinks I already hear a *smart Blade* fall on me for attacking his darling *Diversion*. *What! must we be forbidden*

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* *Prov. v. 4, 5.*

to Love ! What Employment can we find in the World, if we lose this ? Does not this Fellow argue against Reason ? Sure he would not have the World at an End ? Why truly, for what Good we do in it, it were almost to be wish'd, it had ended before we were made a *Part*. And as to *Love*, I am afraid we shall find *Lust* often, if not always, mistaken for it.

Love and *Lust* are as opposite as *Love* and *Hatred*, though there's but a slight Barrier between either. He that *loves* (as the Word is now understood) is within one Degree of *Hatred*, and half an one of *Lust*. This is a most surprizing *Thesis*, and accounted for only by its constant Operations. The *Poles* are not more distant from each other, than are the express Meaning of *Love* and *Lust* ; but in the Action they fall under the same *Line*. In a Word, they are far from being *in-compatible* : *Virtue*, therefore, in the strictest Sense, must hold the Ballance : She must act the Part of *Great Britain*, and keep *Love* and *Lust* as far divided as the *Popish Powers*, or inevitable Ruin follows. But, alas ! who is blessed with her Influence ? We shun her, we contemn her, we spurn her from us, and take to our Arms that painted Strumpet *Vice*. A *French* Author of Humour says on this Head, That *Love* and *Lust* are both painted

ed *naked*, but for very different *Reasons*; the *one*, because she is not *asham'd* of *being so*; but the *other* to warn her *Votaries*, that she leaves 'em not wherewithal to buy themselves a *Shirt*. *Shakespeare* has given us a beautiful Description of *Lust*, and an exact Portraiture of *Virtue*.

*But Virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though Lewdness court it in a Shape of
Heav'n;
So Lust, tho' to a radiant Angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a Celestial Bed,
And prey on Garbage.*

This shews the *one* is a *Spirit*, fierce and savage; but the *other* an *Inclination*, modest and temperate. In these our Days, we have not a Name for that *Love*, in which our grosser Parts have no Share. *Coition* and *Love* are now one and the same; and it would carry the Face of a romantick *Quixotism*, to say, *I love, but have no Desire to enjoy*. It would be ridiculous to the last Degree; and he would be a Subject for eternal Laughter among the small Wits, that would dare to say like the *Hero* in *Dryden*,

*We lov'd without transgressing Virtues
Bounds;
We fix'd the Limits of our tenderest
Thoughts; Came*

*Came to the Verge of Honour—— but
there stopp'd.*

*If this be Sin, Angels must love with
more,*

*And mingle Rays of Minds less pure
than ours.*

*Our Souls enjoy'd: But to their holy
Feast*

*Bodies on both Sides were forbidden
Guest.*

The Union of *Souls* is a noble Enjoyment, and worthy the human Nature; but there is something so gross (were it followed by no bad Consequences) in the Co-mixture of Bodies, that shocks a reasonable Creature.

I am not ignorant of the Commendation *David* has given to the Propagation of Children, by *blessing the Man that hath his Quiver full of them*; but would *David* have said this, had he liv'd to behold his *whole Nation* in *Chains*? Or did he *bless* himself for having *Absalom* for his Son? No, certainly: *David* could not bear one without the most passionate Complaint; and, in all Likelihood, the other would be less tolerable.

The Maxim of some of the *Asiatics* is very well calculated for the servile Tempers of the *People*, and the *tyrannical Will* of their *Princes*; for they believe it
the

the greatest Glory to get a Child, or plant a Tree. By this prevalent Notion the whole Country is stock'd with Mortals, and *Slaves* increase in a decimal Proportion. If *Hibernia* be in a State of *Servitude* and *Bondage*, let her discourage this pernicious *Maxim*; if she be not, let her follow it. If I suppose her the latter, there is no need to give her Rules for her Conduct; but if the former, the best Prescription is *Resolution*; for not Love, but

Fortitudo omnia Vincit.

And as *Lewis Cornaro* says of *Sobriety*, so say I of a virtuous *Resolution*: 'Tis a *divine Inclination*, agreeable to God, a *Friend of Nature*, the *Daughter of Reason*, *Mother of all Virtues*, and *Companion of Chastity*.

Let us, my Brethren, stand resolv'd; let us join unanimously to expel *Coition*, and drive out *Propagation*. Since *Life* was given to us as a *Blessing*, and a reasonable *Soul* to procure us *Happiness*; but since the Practice of the *World* in general, and the State of *Hibernia* in particular, fully persuade us there are no such Things as *Happiness* and *Blessings* on Earth, consequently the very Foundation and Reason of Life is destroy'd, since the Motives of it are so? Why therefore should we

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propagate, when the End cannot be obtained? 'Tis true, we may get Children, but they must be Children of Misery; for how can we insure them from it, when we our selves are plunged in its Abyss. In a Word, 'tis a Crime of a deeper Dye, than involving whole innocent Families in Ruin. Let us, therefore, O ye Inhabitants of *Hibernia*! let us take to our Arms that *chaste* and *holy Matron Celibacy*: She is our *Comforter*, she is our *Hope*; in her let us confide, and she will not abuse the Favour. Let us, as a Sign of our Conversion, revere *antient Virginity* in both Sexes; let us adore a *Prude*, and worship an *Old Batchelor*: But above all, let us resolutely follow their Steps; and if we are not happy then, we shall at least live peaceably in this World of *Bustle* and *Confusion*.

Lift up your Eyes, and behold the *Folly* of this *World*! * Where the Memory is clouded with black Ideas of the *past*, the Imagination overlooks the *present* Ills, and the Understanding, through Mercy, is blinded to the *future*; where Anxiety of Thought damps *sensual Pleasure*; and *sensual Pleasure* increases Anxiety of Thought; and both impairs our *Strength*, to support it; where *Pleasure* often ex-
acts

* Some of these Thoughts extracted from Dr. YOUNG'S *Estimate of Human Life*.

acts such Hardships from her Votaries, that *manual Labour* is Diversion to it: *Sorrow* is as the Stem and Root of Life; *Joy* but as its Flower, expected at remote Seasons only, then often blasted. *Pains* assault us, *Delusions* surround us; and *Terrors*, like the slight-supported Sword, hang over us. We must behold the World like the Man in LUCIAN, and see *Pestilence*, *Famine*, *Diseases*, *Strife*, and innumerable *Plagues* over Mens Heads, which they continually pull down on themselves; and while we pity others, are in the like Case ourselves. *Evils* are so common, that we cannot make Way from our Doors, but through the Cries of *Indigence* and *Distemper*: Our *Nights* are as an idle Dream; and our *Days* worse, because they bring more Sorrow along with them. Every Man is a *Judge*, a *Witness*, and a *Patient* of *Affliction*, ever telling sad *Tales* of others, till we become a *Tale* ourselves; the Tale of a Day! and then are utterly forgotten. We are *born* with *Pain*, and *die* with *Amazement*. *Life* is the Slave of Misery; and yet, (strange!) *Death* is the King of Terrors. *I was happy*, some of us may say; *I shall be happy*, we all say; but, *I am happy*, none. *Happiness* is the Butt of all; but our Shafts, like King ACESTES's, never hit the Mark, but are lost in a *Vapour*. O Heavens! what is

this World ! Is there a recompensing Quality on this *Earth* ? is there *Pleasure* and *Satisfaction* in it able to counterpoise any Branch of *Evil* ? Our *Joys* are for *Moments* ; our *Pains* are for *Years*. *Vice* is a wide open Gulph, *Virtue* an Hill of Ice : *Friendship* is a Name, *Love* an empty Sound ; but *Hatred* and *Envy* are (by their Effects) Substances ; and Substances that never alter their Property, but are in a constant Series of *Malice*. *Paternal Affection* is cooled by *filial Impiety* ; and *filial Impiety* is generally repaid by the like Punishment. In a Word, from the most *exalted State*, to the most *diminutive*, from *Riches* and *Honour* to *Poverty* and *Contempt*, in all Conditions, and in all Kinds of *Fortune*, Man is not only liable, but sure to meet *Sorrow* and *Vexation* of Spirit, at almost every Step he takes. Why then, O ye Sons of worldly Wisdom ! tell me, why should we *propagate Calamity* ? why should we join to beget *Misery* ? Will the Lump of *Earth* thank us for its *Being* ? is it heroick to take Advantage of the Weak and Innocent, when we ourselves have said, **Let that Day perish wherein I was born, and the Night in which it was said, There is a Man Child conceived* ? And JEREMIAH hath not only said

* *Job* iii. 3.

said the same Words,* but says with a deal of Vehemence, † *Wherefore came I out of the Womb to see Labour and Sorrow, that my Days should be consumed with Shame.* From a thorough Sense of this, the Son of SIRAC also says, ‡ *Wherefore I praised the Dead, which are already dead, more than the Living, which are yet alive; yea, better is he than both they, who hath not yet been.*

Indeed we have one Happiness, and one only, which is *Death*. He is called a *Tyrant*; but, in my Opinion, he is full of *Lenity* and *Compassion*, as he relieves us from this thorny *Bed* with a *Couch* of Rest and Quietness. We all know the Truth of what PLOTINUS tells us, *That God was moved, meerly by his Mercy, to give our Souls only mortal Chains.*

The World has been called a *Stage*, where every Man acts his Part: But, in my Opinion, it may with more Propriety be termed a *Masquerade*; because we are obliged to disguise our real Sentiments, to make us more conformable to the vitiated Taste of the Generality. If our *Tongues* correspond with our *Hearts*, Men will avoid our Company, because their Faults will not be complimented; and if the *Heart* and *Tongue* do not agree, we must certainly have

* XX. 14.

† XX. 18.

‡ Eccles. iv. 2, 3.

have a very mean Opinion of ourselves, if we have the least Notion of *Honesty* ; nevertheless, 'tis so necessary in Life, that it is become an *Art*. He that can make his *Countenance* applaud an Object, though his *Heart* despises it, is what's called a *well-bred Man*, a *polite Man*, a *Man that knows the World*. This Conduct is absolutely needful, though a generous Soul must be pain'd in the Commission of it. Who therefore desires to be in the World, when our *Actions* must be diametrically opposite to the Dictates of an *honest Conscience* ?

Let us, my Brethren, act as become Men ; as Men who can ourselves bear the Follies and Misfortunes of the World ; but have more *Honour*, than to impose it on our *Issue*. Let us, O ye Sons and Daughters of the Land, unanimously resolve to avoid each other ! Let us flee from the opposite Sex, as from a Pest ! Let us no more be accessory to the Crimes and Calamities of Infants, but bravely resolve to cease their *Propagation* ! This is the only *Catholicon* for *Hibernia* ! this is the only sovereign and universal Remedy to prevent the Miseries of those little Creatures not yet formed ! And for those poor, wretched, and unfortunate Children already born, or begot in *Hibernia*, we have only sincerely to repent of the irreparable Injury done them,

them, and pray for their *Dissolution* before they have a Sense of their unhappy Case.

On what has been said, I shall apply the Words of a very ingenious Gentleman,* *The whole Sum of our Interest lies on the Side of Virtue, Publick-Spirit, and Honour : That to forfeit these Pleasures, in Whole, or in Part, for any other Enjoyment, is the most foolish Bargain ; and, on the contrary, to secure them with the Sacrifice of all others, is the truest Gain.* If I have not vindicated and espoused the Cause of *Virtue*, even to a Nicety not very common ; if I have not mentioned, for our Imitation, the greatest Publick Spirit, and strove to preserve the Honour and Dignity of my Country, by a Method never thought on before ; I have missed what I really design'd, and beg Pardon of my little Audience, for leading them out of the Way.

Thus have I endeavoured to trace *Covetousness* through its Labyrinths ; I have pursued it through its various Disguises ; and, though its Ways are very *dark* and *intricate*, I have made the *Rays of Light* shine so clearly on it, that the *Camelion* is detected. All its gaudy Colours, and spurious Beauties, are given it by a *Fancy*
loose

* Mr. HUTCHESON, in his *Essay on the Passions*.

loose, and unexperienced of the Poison of the *Syren*; and *Fancy*, is but a Term for the Judgment of a *Fool*. Whoever, therefore, that examines this Discourse impartially, will be firmly of Opinion, *That Reason is against Coition*.

I hope there is no Occasion of a Defence; for what I have said, I think, is self-evident. The Arguments I have made use of, are not maintain'd with an *Ipse dixit*; for I have given those convincing Reasons for what I have advanced, that 'tis impossible to deny my *Hypothesis*: Therefore, my Brethren, let us either agree to this *Method* of an entire Cessation of *Procreation*, or chuse ye this Day *another*, that may answer the *End proposed*.

Now to him who can turn the Hearts of the Disobedient to the Wisdom of the Just; to him who can fix our Resolutions, and strengthen our Minds, be all Honour, now and for ever.

A
S C H E M E

Humbly offered, for making

R-l-g-n and the *C-rg-y*
useful.

W I T H T H E
Author's Observations

O N T H E
Cause and Cure of the *Piles*:

A N D
Some useful DIRECTIONS about
wiping the POSTERIORS.

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S C H E M E

Humbly offer'd, for making

R--l--g--n and the *C--rgy*
Useful, &c.

SEVERAL modern Writers have endeavoured to wound Religion, through the Sides of the Clergy; but have hitherto met with the Contempt they deserved, although, I must confess, Religion is thereby sorely hurt; for, indeed how was it possible the good Men could spare any of their Thoughts about Religion, at a Time when all their Wit was scarce sufficient to defend themselves against the daily Persecutions of the Profane?

For my own Part, I always looked upon Religion as a very good Thing; and am now about to consider it, not as a Politician, but as a Christian; in Hopes I may set it in a proper Light, by making

it useful to Mankind, (as it was at first design'd,) by stripping it of the Superstition, with which it is at present miserably incumbered.

I can, indeed, by no means allow, that the present Practice of it is of any Use, (except to the Physicians and Apothecaries,) as confined to a Set of Prayers, and a Sermon in a damp House, close shut all the Week, and consequently full of noisome and unwholesome Vapours, exhaled or transpired through the Earth, from the numberless dead and putrifying Carcases lodg'd within, and close about the Walls of the several Churches in this Kingdom; which Practice, as it was introduced by *Popish* Superstition, might have been very wholesomely abolished by that religious Prince *Henry VIII.* of pious Memory, at the same Time that he suppressed the Abbeys and Monasteries in these his Dominions. It is to be presumed (in Excuse for that Neglect) that his Devotions were mostly performed within his own Chapel; and as he was a zealous warm Man, and sometimes impatient of Advice, that the Prelates of those Days did not think it proper to mention the above Particulars; which, however, cries grievously for Reformation.

The wise Heathens in *Greece* and *Italy*, and many other Parts of the World, after
burning

burning the Dead was disused, had burying Places a good Distance from large Cities; no doubt to keep the Air, which in great Cities is too confin'd and thick, from being vitiated or contaminated by the Putrefaction of dead Bodies, than which nothing can be more pernicious or detrimental to the Health of Mankind.

I was myself, in my younger Days, a great Frequenter of Churches on *Sundays*, which threw me into many Disorders. Once I got a most violent Flux, and was forced to go out of Church, which frightened my Friends very much; for it is said, that Sicknes got on a *Sunday* is commonly mortal; however, by a Dram or two, and a good Fire, I soon recovered. Another Time, at *Christ Church* in the Commissioners Seat, I was seiz'd so ill with the Piles, that I thought of nothing less than a Fever: However, that I might not charge myself with any Neglect of my Health, I repaired instantly to one Mr. -----, a noted Surgeon in ----- who applied a cooling Plaister, which gave me present Ease; by repeating which three Days, and the Application of a *Leech*, I recovered; however, as at that Time I did not suspect that my Distemper was contracted in Church, I went to Prayers as usual, and had many Returns of the Disorder; and as the Plaister made me
walk

walk as if I was be --- ; on the contrary, to this Day, whenever I think of the *Leech*, I fancy I feel him crawling round my Backside. I had Recourse to a Friend, who assured me, he had laboured under the same Disorder; and at the same Time advised me to avoid going to Church as much as possible, and never to make Use of a publick *Bog-House* ; for that the unwholesome Vapours settled on the Seats at Churches, and which arise from the fetid Odure in *Bog-Houses*, penetrated the *Anus*, at that Time expanded by performing its Office; that a Corrosion being made on the *Anus*, by certain pointed nitrous Particles in vitiated Air, forcibly impelled upon that tender Part, made it susceptible of the lubricating Moisture, which in the Explosion attends the Excrement, and being of a saline or acrimonious Quality, (in Taste like Tobacco-Juice, as I have been told by curious Enquirers into Nature,) very often occasion'd those Tumors, which the Learned call the *Piles*.

I took my Friend's Advice, and have, I thank God, enjoy'd my Health very well of late; indeed, if *Sunday* is a fine day, I take my Wife and Children sometimes to a Country Church, when I can hear of one with broken Windows, or a Roof out of Repair; though we most commonly

commonly spend *Sunday* at Home, where I make one of my Boys read *Æsop's Fables*, *Raynard the Fox*, or some other Book of Morality.

I must not forget to tell you, that I once thought to cure the PILES by wiping my Bottom with *Poetry*, another Time with the Writings of a certain great *Physician*; but I found the Doctor who advised me to it was a Quack; and that any Piece of clean Paper will do, provided you begin just at the *Os Sacrum*, and wipe downwards, which gently closes the Orifice, and keeps out the Cold.

As I have profited myself by the above Rules, I think, I am, by the Laws of Humanity, obliged to publish my *Observations* for the Good of my Fellow-Subjects, and must at the same Time affirm, That, notwithstanding the general Opinion to the contrary, I do seriously think *Religion* and the *Clergy* may still be of Use, and modestly hope they will concur with me in this my *Scheme*.

I would humbly propose, That whereas the several Churches and Church-Yards in the City of *Dublin*, have been found, by many Years Experience, to abound and be filled with unwholesome Damps, cold and moist Dews, noisome, fetid, and pestilential Vapours and Exhalations.

Causing

Causing the *Piles, Disentery, Vertigo's, Spleen, Phrensy, Histerick Vapours,* and many other Distempers, to the Prejudice of the good People of *Ireland*, and manifest Damage and Loss to his Majesty, by depopulating this his loyal Kingdom for preventing of like Evils for the future, That from and after the Day of the said Churches and Church-Yards be locked up, and walled about in such Manner, that it shall be impossible for Man, Woman, or Child, to get within Side the Walls of the said Churches or Church-Yards.

Nevertheless, as *Religion* is a Part of the Constitution, which we can't do without, I would have certain Eminencies, within three Miles of this City, mark'd out for Groves ; in the Midst of which there may be a Temple built in the Form of a ---, or any other Shape the People shall judge proper, supported by Pillars, and open on all Sides, to keep the Air clear and healthful. To these Groves and Temples the People may repair on *Sundays* or Holidays, which will contribute much to their Health, and the *Clergy* may officiate, I think, in the present Manner ; for I can't join in Opinion with the Citizens of *London*, for pulling down Christianity to establish *Williamitism* ; not but that it might serve ; but I am against Innovations

novations, and I really think, as Christianity was left by the benevolent and righteous Founder, it would still answer the End of Religion in a wiser Nation than *Ireland*.

However, if a Change is determin'd, it is but a Step from Christianity to *Williamitism*; and as the Ceremonies observ'd and perform'd in Commemoration of that *Hero*, and the other divine Lawgiver, are much the same, it is not doubted, but all good Christians, at least Protestants, will readily agree in the Transition, and the same *Clergy* might still serve in the new *Religion*, the Rights being so very like.

To prevent Schisms, which are always of dangerous Consequence, if any Person will be so silly, as still to adhere to Christianity, or worship in a particular Manner any other *Hero*, I am for a Tolleration. *As to the late King JAMES, he ruined all his Friends; and on the Whole, was so despicable a Mortal, that I dare venture to affirm, he'll have no Worshipers*; but if the *Irish* Natives may have any Qualms of Conscience, with respect to King WILLIAM, and rather chuse to worship the Statues of *Brien Boirambe*, (who is said to have been a very good and wise King,) or any other *Hero*, an-

H

tient

tient or modern, let them be indulg'd
 by all Means, (for common Observation
 informs us, that tender Consciences by
 Indulgence are found to grow harder.)
 Also, the *Quakers* may have their *George*
Fox, or *William Pen*, provided always
 that such Statues be set up, and Worship
 perform'd in the *Country*; and that no
 Man be admitted to serve the King in a
 Post of *Honour* or *Profit*, till he has past
 the Test of drinking the *glorious Memo-*
ry of King WILLIAM in a *Bumper*, and
 be able to produce four of his Neighbours
 to swear, *That, to the best of their Belief,*
he had done so for six Months last past;
 the same *Ceremony*, after getting a Place,
 to be perform'd before the *Equestrian*
Statue on *College-Green*, or before a Sta-
 tue of that *Hero*, or in a Temple dedi-
 cated to his Worship in some other pub-
 lick Place, *for which I shall give my*
Reasons, when call'd upon, or requir'd so
to do.

But to return to my *Scheme*.

There being a great Scarcity of Tim-
 ber, for many Uses in this Kingdom, not-
 withstanding the several good Laws to
 enforce the planting Timber-Trees, I
 would propose, That the inferior C—y,
 Cu—s, *Parish C—ks*, and *Sextons*, might
 be oblig'd to spend the Week-Days in
 dig-

digging, planting, and fencing in the Ground near the Temples or Churches, (in which Work they may follow Mr. *Lawrence's* Directions, till better can be had,) the *Bishops* may supervise them, and the *Archbishops* make triennial Visitations, to see that they are always regularly conducted; for which Services they should all continue on their present Establishment.

Was this *Scheme* carried into Execution, what a noble Simplicity of Manners, and generous Disdain of an unmanly Complaisance to ill Men in Power, would soon shine out in that learned Body, and by Consequence descend to their Inferiors; so that within the Compass of a few Years, the most malicious Tongue would not be able to tax them with *Ambition, Pride, Luxury, Superciliousness, Covetousness*, or any other mean Arts to ingratiate themselves with great Men, their Misses, or Valets; which evil Reports are too commonly propagated by the wicked Part of the *Laitie* at present; though I confess they are all groundless, for ought I can see, and as I have heard credible Persons of that learned Body say.

Till this desir'd Reformation is accomplish'd, I am humbly of Opinion, that the *Clergy* may be permitted, during their attending the Levees of the Great, to wear

such *Lay Habits* as they please; which might, perhaps, give them an Opportunity of making their Court with better Success, and in some Measure of escaping the Eyes of the malicious and censorious, in case it should be necessary to compliment a great Man with their Company over a Bottle at an unseasonable Hour; *and notwithstanding the ingenious Mr. Dryden's Motto in his Spanish Friar*, I am of Opinion, that a red *Coat* and *Cockade* countenances Vice better than a black *Coat* and *Band*; at least, this *Scheme* would transfer the Scandal to the Gentlemen of the *Blade*, and lessen the Load *which the Wicked endeavour now to throw another Way*.

I think I have now sufficiently made out my Proposal; and as the *Clergy* would by this *Scheme* be truly useful, no *Layman* would murmur at paying the Tithes, or other Ecclesiastical Dues, (*which under the present Management,*) *are looked on as a grievous Burthen, and as so much most unprofitably thrown away*.

Provided always, That the Timber-Trees so planted shall be for the Use of the Parish, or Union, where planted, and by no Means be called or deemed sacred, or to be put only to religious Uses; for
it

it is hoped, under the new Regulation, there will be sufficient Laws prepared, to guard against Superstition of all Kinds ; otherwise, one hundred Years hence, or perhaps sooner, if the Timber so planted should be fit to cut, the *Clergy* may tell our Posterity, that it is Sacrilege to put the said Timber to any save religious Uses ; that they themselves are the only Judges in spiritual Matters ; so that it may be a Crime to believe their Senses, or to make Use of their Reason : This, I say, may happen in a large Course of Time, should the *Clergy* degenerate, or *Priestcraft* prevail, which possibly may happen, although we have no Reason to complain of it at present.

I shall add one Word or two more, which is, That I could wish the new Worship diversify'd with Songs and Dances, which I think would increase the Number of Votaries, encourage the younger People of both Sexes, and warm their Devotions, at present very languid ; *but this I submit to better Judgment*, although if there was Occasion, I could quote a royal Precedent for this Proposal.

In like Manner other Pieces of Ground, two or three Miles distant from Town, might be enclosed for Burying-Places, and planted about with *Cypress*, *Tew*, *Firr*,
Rose-

Rosemary, and other strong-scented Trees, Shrubs, and Herbs, unless the more decent Custom of burning the Dead shall be restored, which perhaps won't be politick, till Wood becomes plentier in this Kingdom.

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THE *Lace Weavers, &c.* give Notice, That besides the several Persons mention'd in the Prayer of their Petition, there will be Licences granted to three hundred professing Beaux, without Regard to their Religion, on this Qualification, *viz.* That each Beau shall be able to read *English* distinctly, and write his own Name. 'Tis hoped a farther Time will be obtain'd for such Beaux to qualify, till the First of *November* next.

And inasmuch as several young Converts have been too apt to shew
their

their Swords of late, as most Childred do new Bawbles, it is ordered, That a Padlock be put on each of their Swords for five Months, next after the Commencement of such Licence ; we think necessary, therefore, to advertise, That there will be a Parcel of very handsome large Sword-Knots prepared with all convenient Speed, to be wore with, and cover the said Padlocks.



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You prove to be the wretcheder ;
For Fools are known by looking wiſe,
As Men find Woodcocks, by their Eyes :
Hence 'tis that 'cauſe you've gain'd o' th' Col-
lege,
A quarter Share, at moſt, of Knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent Repute,
Y'assume a Power as abſolute
To judge, and cenſure, and controul,
As if you were the ſole Sir POLL ;
And ſaucily pretend to know,
More than your Dividend comes to ;
You'll find the Thing will not be done
By Ignorance and Face alone.*

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*Many of my Daughters have done gloriously ;
but BETTY excelleth them ALL !*

Mother OXFORD.

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